

# MOTHERS NEWS

previously Monsters News  
previously Some Earth Catalog  
previously "Blanche's Birthday" episode of Golden Girls

## THE PAPER OF RECORD

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"An examin'd enterprise goes on boldly."

### TIME TO LEAVE THE CAPSULE IF YOU DARE

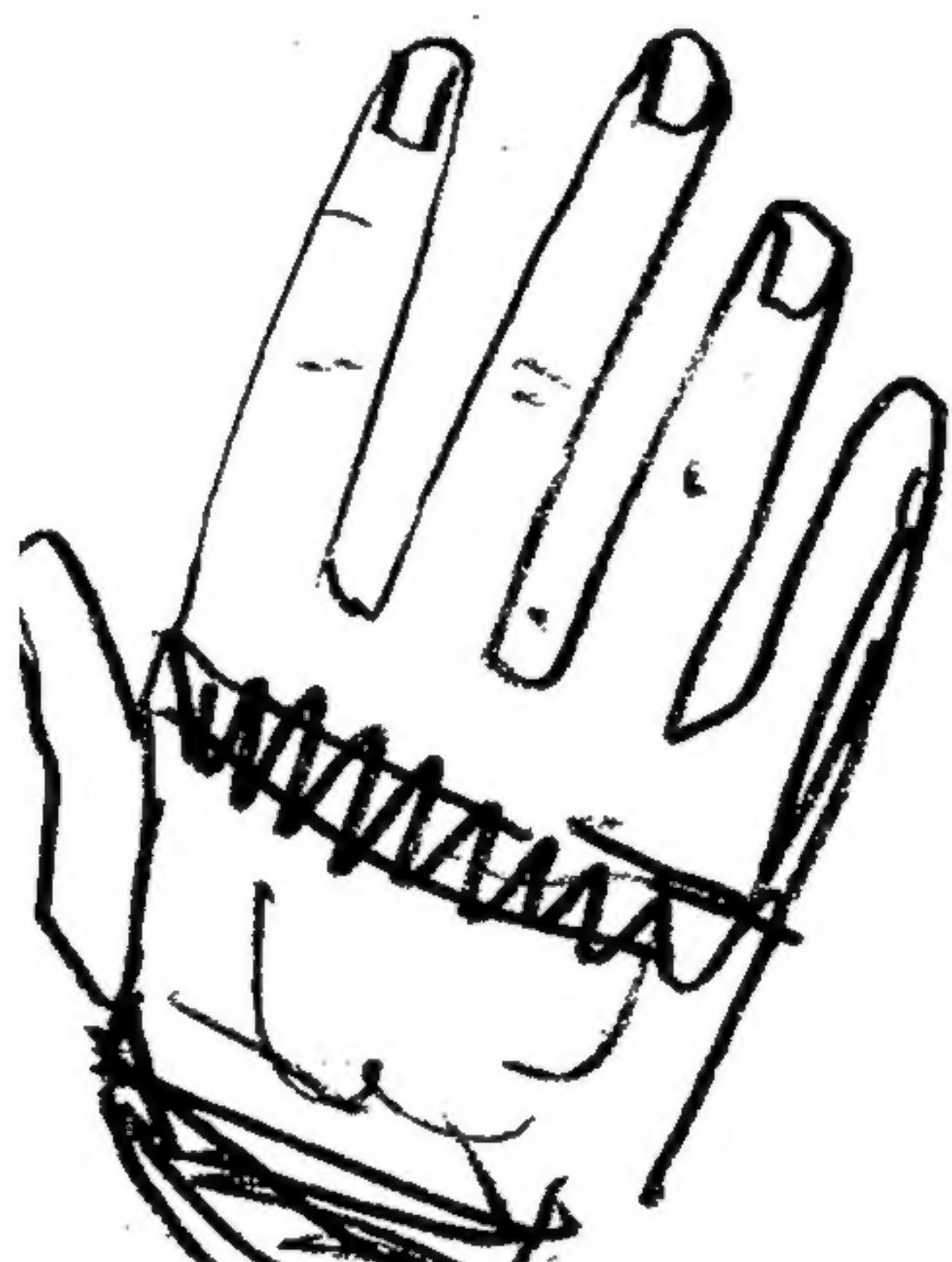
First off, I would like to announce that this is the 30th issue of the paper. What a long strange trip, huh bro? In keeping with western tradition, turning 30 for us means a somewhat stunning realization that fundamentally nothing has changed- nothing has been added to the ledger, and attitudes remain relatively consistent. No paper last month, hope no one out there got their wig twisted over it, we sort of fell in a hole. As Dante said in his immortal Commedia, "When I had journeyed half a life's way, I found myself within a shadowed forest, for I had lost the path that does not stray.". Seriously!!! But as Dante was lucky to have his famous sage (Virgil) to guide him THROUGH (not around!!!) the netherworld, we count ourselves lucky to have Flipper, the Shirelles, Black Flag, Rezillos, Eric B & Rakim, Freddy Cannon, Bad Brains, Dio, Russian Tsarlag, Chubby Parker, GAUZE, Sun Ra, Husker Du, WORK/DEATH, Minutemen, Big Boys, Les Rallizes Désnudés, Allergic to Bullshit, and Nina Simone. Getting back on track now... we're going through...

Oh, and in the spirit of mix tape, this issue is mostly a clip show of things I liked from our first year of publishing, when our circulation was in the hundreds, not the thousands. Enjoy! ?

### BURN THE MS

WHOA, it's winter, meteorologically anyway and what else is there. December is the last month, and the name means "tenth", and even though it's the twelfth month, it at least kind of makes sense, in that we have ten fingers, and usually you count to ten, and, you know, that's it. If you have more than ten of something [good / bad] than you have [no problems / actionable problems]. Of course the clock goes to twelve without being all Strange Loop about it, but the clock is round and it's way easier to cut a circle into twelves than into tens, just ask a pizzisto. Who invented the hour anyway? Oh wait, no one. The hour of the day is too small/important to invent (NB: the Sumerians invented the minute AND the second).

December changed positions from 10th to 12th when someone decided that a long previously unnamed 61+ day period of winter should be a regular thing that we have the facility to talk about, and thus were born both January and February, and everything else got pushed back by two. No idea how or why people survived a nameless season of death year after year, the whole concept seems needlessly harsh. Guess there's a lot of Don't Do's we could pin on the Roman empire...



### SCENE REPORT: D STOP (#66 & #14)

Kennedy Plaza, Providence

by Kate Schapira

#### GENERAL NOTES:

JANUARY 2011

The #66 stops at both CCRI and URI on its way to Wakefield and Galilee. The 8:45 is not the main getting-to-work or getting-to-school bus for the route, so the people on this bus have 10-a.m.-or-later classes (or jobs) and the composition is different than the 7:50 bus, which I used to take. Fewer professional folks, more students lackadaisical or otherwise. People tend to look straight ahead or to the left (where the bus comes from) unless they are talking to someone (also present) who is facing that way. False alarms (a bus pulls up at our stop, but isn't our bus) happen periodically but by no means every time.

There is no good place to stand. If you stand in one place the driver will pull up in another place, especially if you stand in the place he pulled up last time (exceptions as noted below). If you put anything down, beware of spit, gum, or throw-up residue (I have only encountered actual, active throw-up once). Pigeons peck at the gunge that blows up against the curb.

Regardless of the weather, people tend to observe a minimum 24-inch distance all around from their fellow travelers, unless they are members of a clump or category (examples: Music Students; Tiny Girls) or in the case of a false alarm, as noted below, but on warmer days they tend to be strung more loosely from the near end of the station to the butt of the next bus.

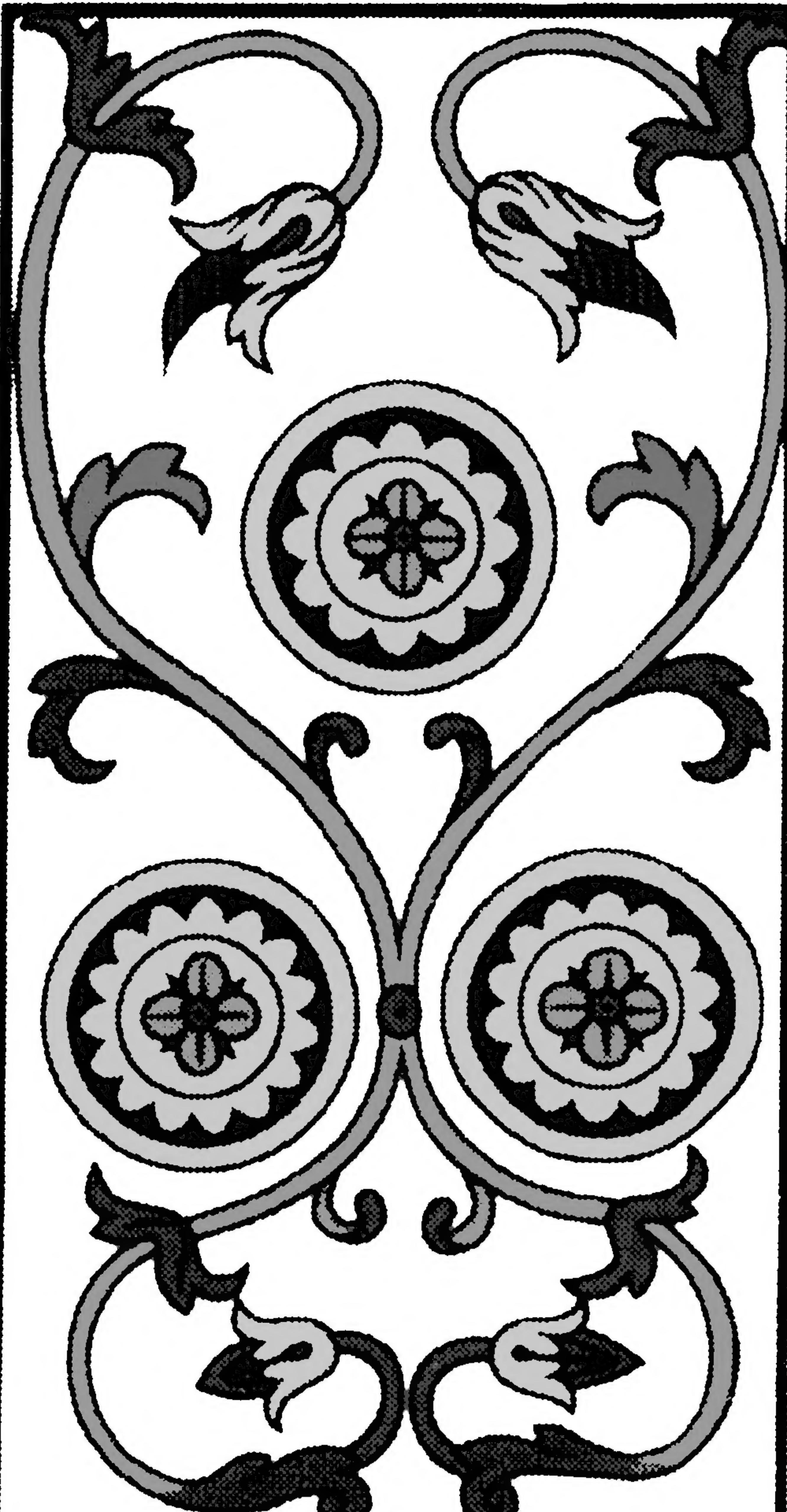
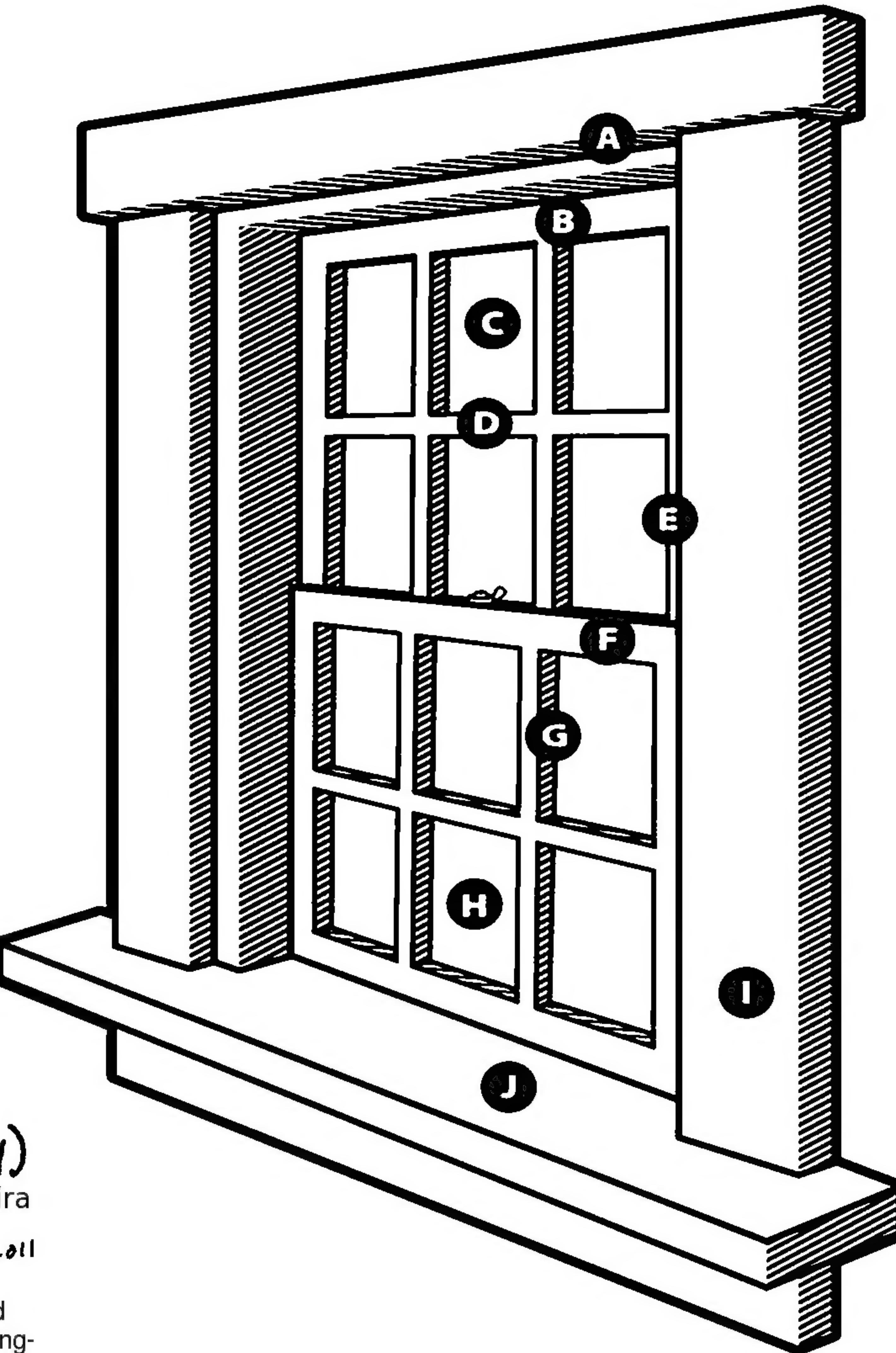
REGULARS: Colorful Backpack; Cooking Boy; Still-Faced Girl; Middle-Aged Latina Who Is Often On The Phone; Music Students (Jamie, Jason, The Only Girl, The Most Nondescript Music Student); Acne Kid; Tiny Girls #1 and #2; Reading Girl; The Researcher.

SMELLS AND TRUCKS: various exhausts, obviously; wet cloth; European Custom Casework; hair product; shit; cigarette smoke; Mr. Electric; nachos from the kid eating nachos for breakfast; somebody's perfume, not unpleasant; weed; Coca-Cola and Staples; cinnamon gum; cold air.

ATTIRE: Generally geared to the weather (colder = more hats and hoods, etc.). One notable day (11/18) had people dressed according to their internal temp: for some it was cold, others not. Otherwise, it's either suited to the person's age and plans for the day or it isn't—no way to ascertain without asking about the above. Headphone colors: pink, white, black, no headphones, pink.

DRINKS AND GESTURES: Phone-checking. Bottle of Nestea tucked into elbow crook. Tiny Girls #1 and #2 arrive arm in arm (the only time this happens). "Juice drink" held with grease-marked paper bag, unopened. Crossed/folded arms. Shuffling. Starbucks iced coffee with green straw on a cold day. Bag-swinging. Bag-adjusting. Large blank styrofoam cup, probably containing coffee. Hands in pockets. Cooking Kid runs a finger along the wet fence-top (I wouldn't). Makeup-checking is generally reserved for the bus itself. A woman shakes her hood off & hair out, pats it.

THE RESEARCHER: A short white lady with glasses who is always scribbling things in an awkwardly propped notebook and turning her head in weird directions (i.e., not straight ahead or left). No headphones, no drinks.



### SCENE REPORT: VACATION

By Dan Ca\$hman

FEBRUARY 2011

My family took me on a cruise not long ago. My old lifestyle caught up with me and a rotted tooth went into "shut Dan down" mode, and I was unable to have fun/drink/zone out for most of the trip. So I'm just gonna make a quick little record of things I did/saw/had happen to me while on this toothdecay trip.

Before departure, I took a long walk in Fort Lauderdale. Passing a rock with Sade playing out of it at our hotel, I felt kind of at home. Then after passing the Sade-rock, I put on my headphones and listened to Coletane's Ascension. Then I felt alien. On the ship I saw a couple almost Hi-top fades on some middle aged men, it made me feel really happy and at home.

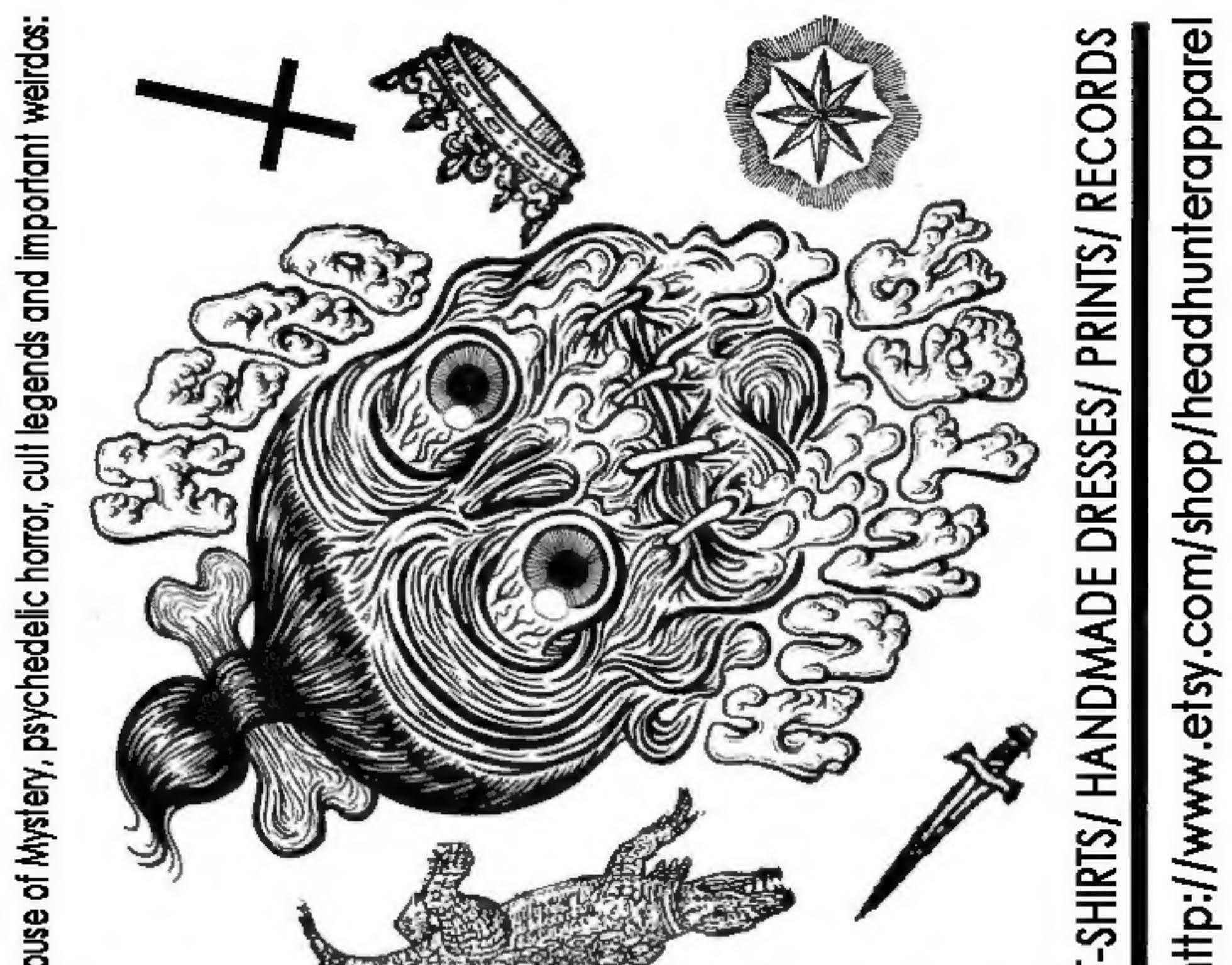
I sang kareoke as much as I could. The book, which had lots of typo's listed "The Message" under "Grandmother Flash." No joke. No "Strokin'" on this kareoke unfortunately, so I was building up to "Unwritten" by Natasha B. I do a pretty intense version of that. I filled the time doing all the old rap hits...this led to lots of people giving me high fives and votes of confidence along the lines of "Nice job with Mama Said Knock You Out last night!" As I walked this deck of 3000 strangers. But the height was a little white old southern lady asking me: "Are you a professional rapppperrrr?" I told her that I definitely was not.

The dance club on the ship had some of the most hilarious decor I've ever seen. Giant white hands and feet sticking out of the floor with bad Ed Hardy-esque tattoos. They were really huge limbs, and the white reflected all the light so it was bright, bright, bright in there. And I really would hate to be a DJ stuck doing top 40 now...cuz apparently even people who like things like top 40 now, don't seem to like anything but 2 or 3 songs.

So then I read lots of Conan stories (barbarian literature) and an old issue of Cinemafantasic from 1988, and listened to lots of Loren Mazzacane Connors. Listened to the complete "Bitches Brew" sessions while watching Pandas play on the TV. The kareoke boss asked me to sing as James Brown in the show at the end of the cruise. I politely declined. Ha, Soul Brother number 1? More like honorary soul guy number 108,597.

But man, my tooth was killing me...it's gone now though!





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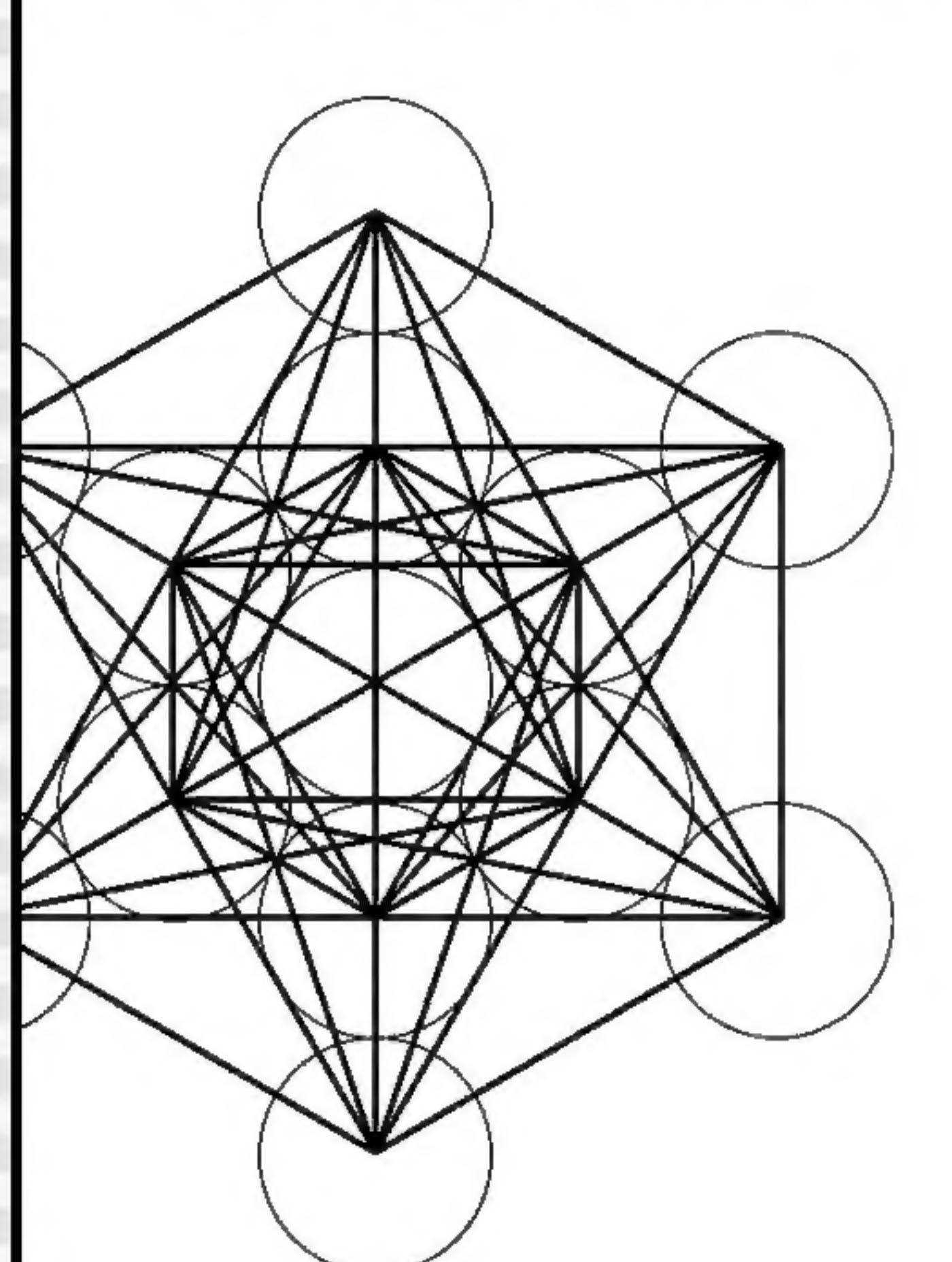
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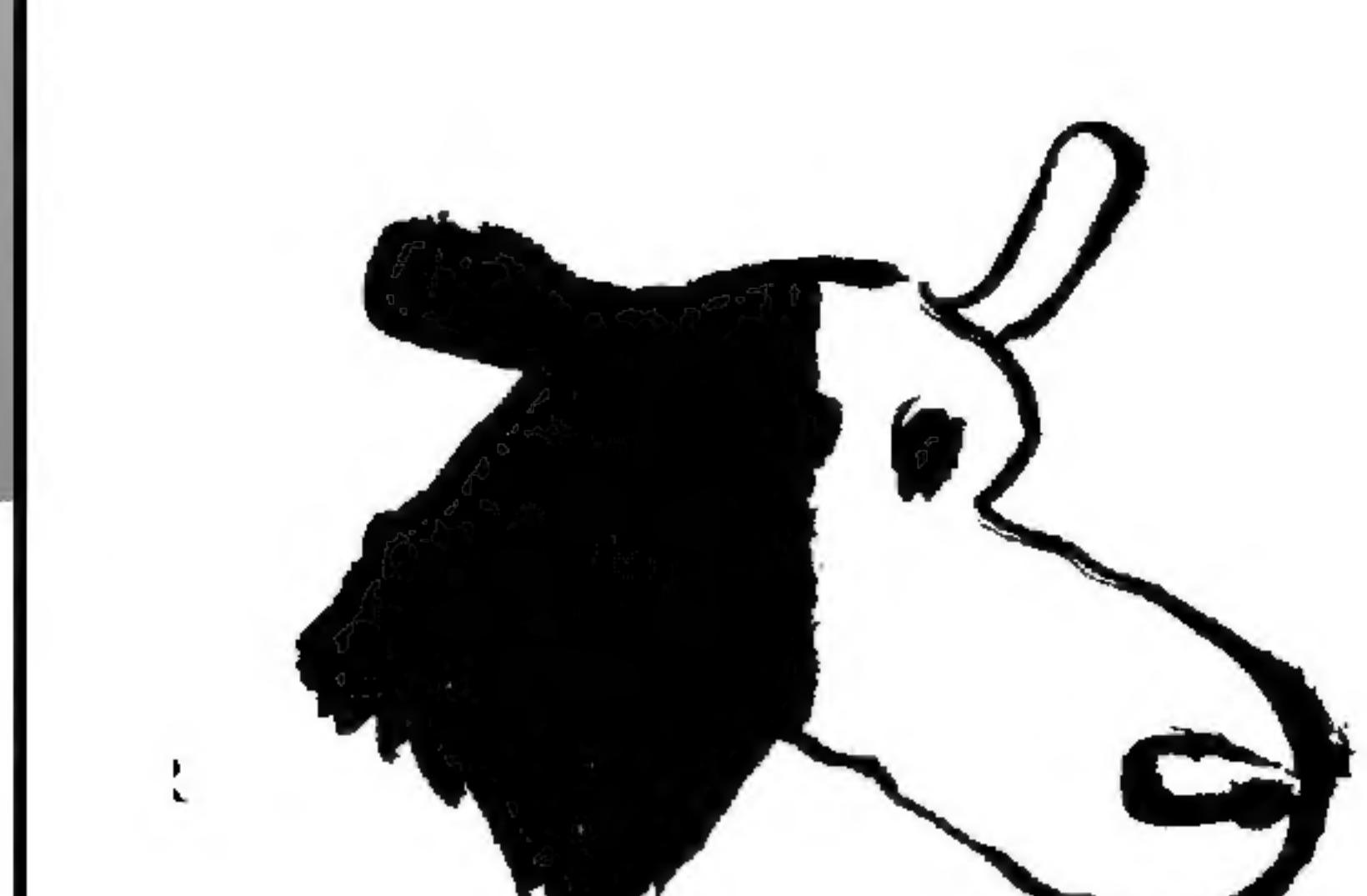
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## TIPS & TRICKS

---- The distance between an alligator's eyes, in inches, is the distance from nose to tail, in feet. Or maybe it's crocodiles.  
---- If you want a handy trick to figure out the age of a mexican house centipede (those fast walking eyelashes) count the sets of legs, subtract 1, and divide by 2. Those creepy crawlers can get pretty old!! Also they don't bite and they eat that which eats you. If you have these mothers in your house I recommend a possibly uneasy alliance.  
---- Need a handy trick to figure out the age of a jellyfish? Tough shit buddy-there isn't one. Many are technically immortal, meaning its impossible for them to die of old age. Some of them can just go backwards into a pupal state, then grow up again fresh like dance music and dryer sheets.  
---- If you are a student trying to memorize a bunch of formulas and factoids, just remember that homework sucks, and if you were a real scientist, you would just look up the formula in a book when you needed to. People always tell you "that's just the way it is"- not only is it not like that, but there isn't even a "the way", and as for "just" and "that's", these are mind prisons. Tell this to your teacher, and they will check a box on a piece of paper somewhere that you are not allowed to look at.

Tinto contributed to this report. thanks Tinto!



## BIOGRAPHY: GORDON COOPER

(March 6, 1927 – October 4, 2004)

Gordon Cooper was an American Astronaut and one of the seven original astronauts in Project Mercury, the first manned space effort by the United States. He was the first American to sleep in orbit, and helped design the knife that astronauts take into space. In addition to being a test pilot, Cooper was a proficient engineer and worked on the Mercury capsule escape systems, and on re-engineering the Mercury-Redstone Launch Vehicle (née "Missile") to carry a human cargo.

Cooper was launched into space on May 15, 1963 aboard the Mercury-Atlas 9 (Faith 7) spacecraft. He orbited the Earth 22 times and logged more time in space than all five previous Mercury astronauts combined – over 34 hours, at 17,547 mph, pulling a maximum of 7.6 g. During the 19th orbit there were mission-threatening technical problems- the capsule had a power failure, carbon dioxide levels began rising and the cabin temperature jumped to over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Cooper fell back on his understanding of star patterns, took manual control of the tiny capsule and successfully estimated the correct pitch for re-entry into the atmosphere, drawing lines on the capsule window to help him check his orientation before firing the re-entry rockets. "So I used my wrist watch for time," he later recalled. "my eyeballs out the window for attitude. Then I fired my retrorockets at the right time and landed right by the carrier.". Despite this incredible display of ability, skill as a pilot, and calm under pressure, Gordo was denied a shot on the Apollo expedition to the moon. Some speculate that this was due to his "strap-it-on-and-go" disregard for mission training and procedure.

The Mercury program derives its name, in part, from the Kabbalistic term "Merkebah", the chariot of God. Study of the concept of Merkebah was forbidden to all but the most learned and rigorous rabbis, lest they be consumed by spontaneous fire. Understanding would permit passage to Heaven without death. Cooper was a show-off and gambler- in a highly selective group of overconfident smartasses he stood out as the greatest of the lot. He was the first American to sleep in orbit, and helped design the knife that astronauts take into space, and these accomplishments absolutely cannot be overstated. However, sometimes the things we value and admire about people are what keep them out of the higher echelons of our space programs.

In his earlier years as a test pilot (pre-NASA), Gordo witnessed a UFO, and some years later in a separate incident (still pre-spaceflight), he witnessed a governmental UFO coverup. In later years he attempted to speak out on this but fell in with some clear (to everyone else) con artists, casting his autobiography into suspicion. He died of heart failure at his home in Ventura California, in 2004. In 2008 his remains were astro-desecrated aboard a Falcon 1 rocket on a failed orbital mission.

SORRY THIS ASTRONAUT BIOGRAPHY IS KIND OF A DOWNER!

In July 2010 we took some easy shots at the concept of the Holy Trinity. As a way of making amends, we published this photo in August, of our correspondent Lola Pellegrino rectifying the circle and the cross.



## SCENE REPORT

By Count Zero

...9 is the emergency channel, 19 is the unofficial highway channel for east to west, 11 is the same for north to south. 38 is the unofficial international call channel. Channel 6 in more recent years has become known as "The Superbowl Channel". This is where people who run massive rigs "key down" or compete to see who is loudest, who can key over other operators, etc. This channel often has a thunderdome feel to it... obsolete technology being used for primitive power competitions.

...Sometimes no one is on or conditions are bad and I will transmit anyway, imagining the waves of energy casting themselves out, locked in the air, encrypted and unheard. When I key off the static rushes in...

In this strangely nuanced sound, sometimes you hear bare and rugged weak signals slipping underneath, heterodyning frequencies of multiple people keying up at the same time... then the needle jumps and a voice cuts through the hash and trash and says a name, maybe a location or numbers and is gone. In fact many people end transmission by saying "I'm back out" or "I'm gone".

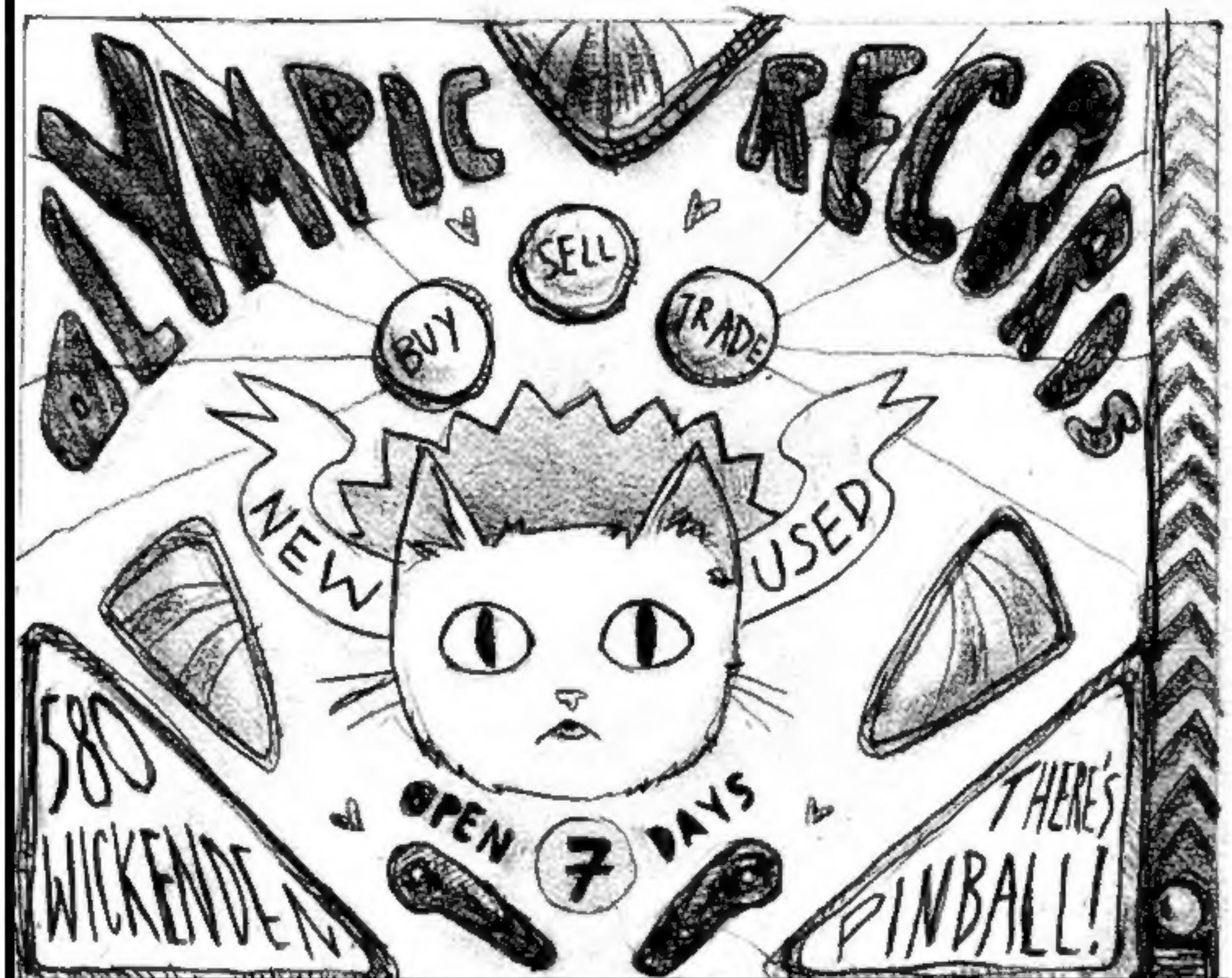
This dynamic aspect of form and void, drawing shape from the infinite timeless sound of white noise, is to me cosmic, poetic, desperate and inspiring. Like graffiti, a name rises out of somewhere, public and secret at the same time... marking territory... unusual, ineffable, irrational, and uncontrollable. Delinquent signals that represent the most basic human art... to sign your name.

Imagine a name, invisible in the air, bounding off of energy fields, bending around metals. Imagine the names at war, or forming bonds. This is happening in the room you're sitting in, and everywhere, but you can't unlock the signals without a radio.

CB gear generally has masculine/violent or evocative "power" names... GALAXY, COBRA, MAGNUM, BRUISER, RAIDER, PENETRATOR, SOLARCON, ASTATIC, SUPERSTAR, FIRESTIK, PYRAMID, COLT. A lot of CBers modify their radios, make custom faceplates, use echo effects, or replace stock chrome knobs with light up color changing "Nitro" or "Chameleon" knobs.

Some favorite CB handles I've heard in the past couple months - COFFEE CUP, SWITCHBLADE, LITTLE BIKER, NASTY, CHOKECHAIN, GHETTO KID, MR. RIPOFF, REAL BLACK MAN, GEMINI, MOHAWK, OLD MAN IN A ROCKING CHAIR, CITY GIRL, TIME BOMB, DOG KILLER, SMALLS, OLD THING, NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS NUMBER ONE, MONSTER MAN, POOR BOY, MAYOR OF RIVERSIDE, CLEAN UP MAN, ALABAMA SKIPSHOOTER, GATE KEEPER, CRACK BABY, MAULDROPPER, BLACK VELVET, YOUR FRIEND, SWAMP MONSTER, MAGNOLIA, WALLBANGER, REAL DEAL, SWAGGER WILL, JULIA, BOBCAT, SHOESTRING, NAILDRIVER, VICE GRIP, DR. KNOCKOUT, BLACK CRAB, BASEBALL BAT

There is a lot to learn from people who have been on the radio for a long time. However there's no point in doing it if you can't be creative, and be yourself. Although CB has a history, language, and protocol, you can deny, distort, ignore, abuse or shape this as you would any other creative arena. Talk how you want, do what you want, use your own slang, take your own chances and take the consequences! I myself am an outsider, or half in and half out. You don't have to join anyone's gang. Get into it just for yourself.



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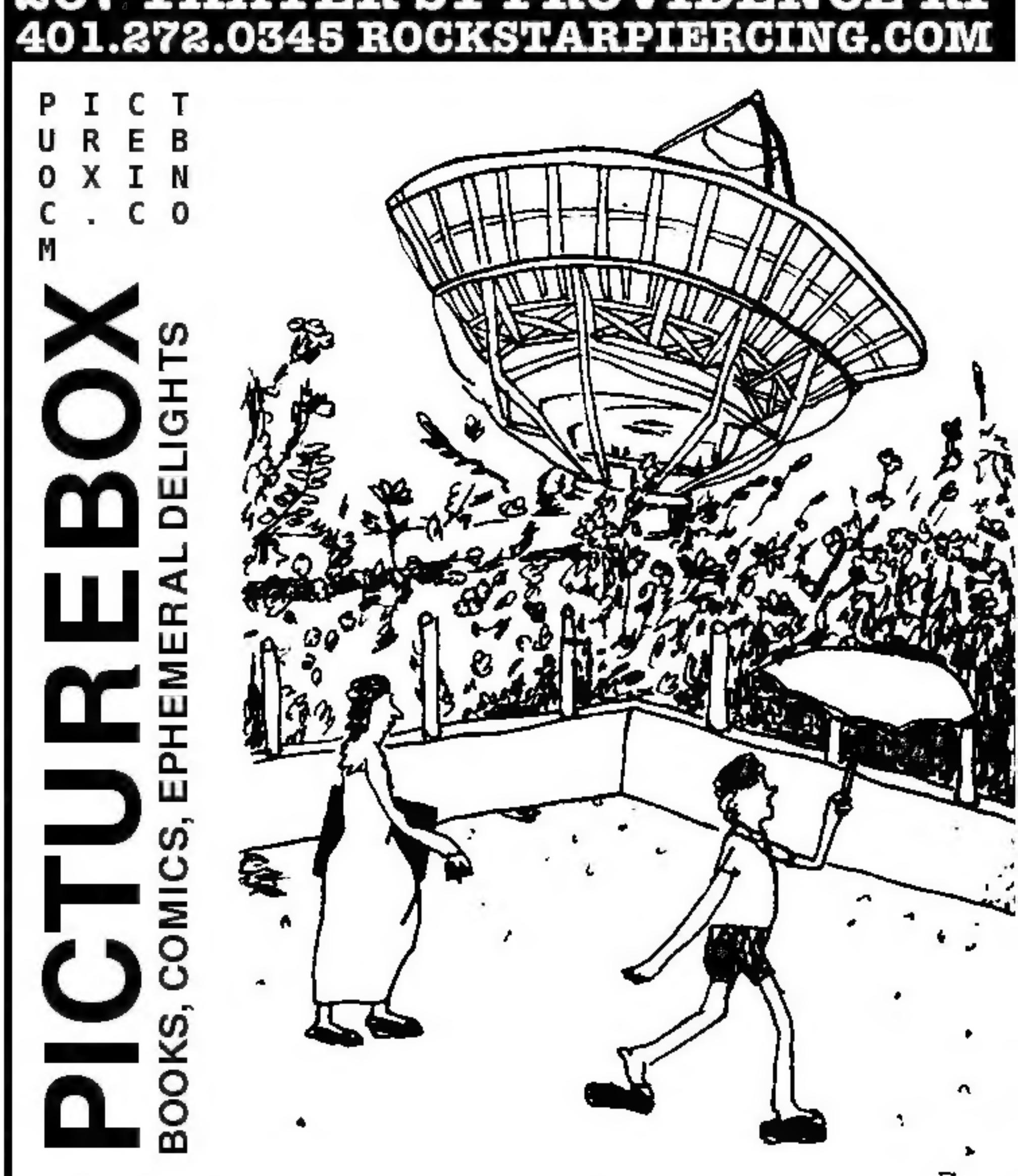
"I guess I'll go there and spend all my money on comic books"

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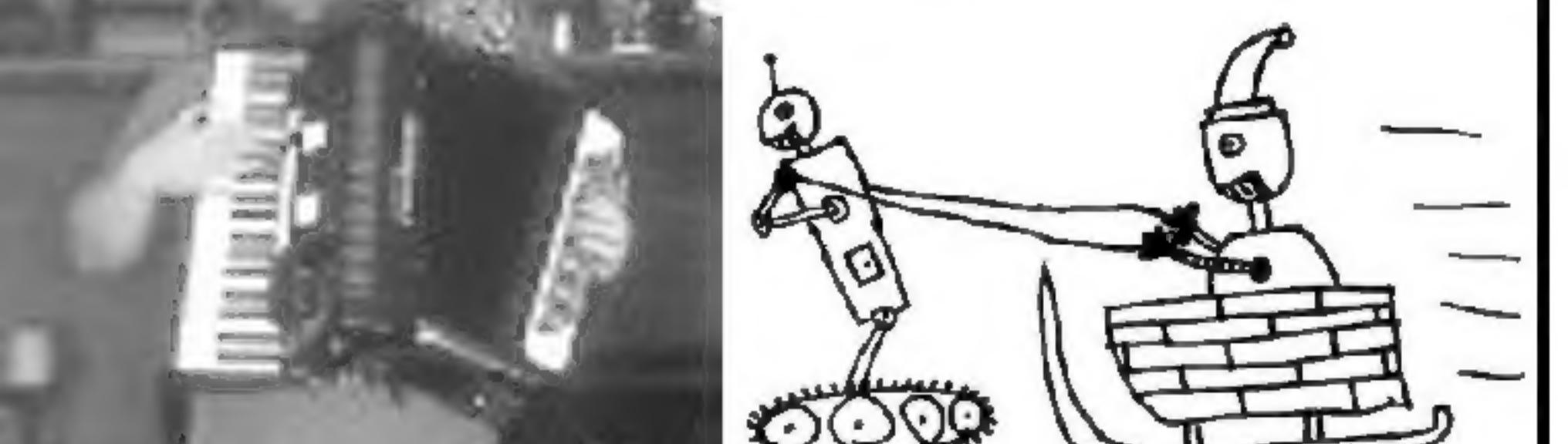


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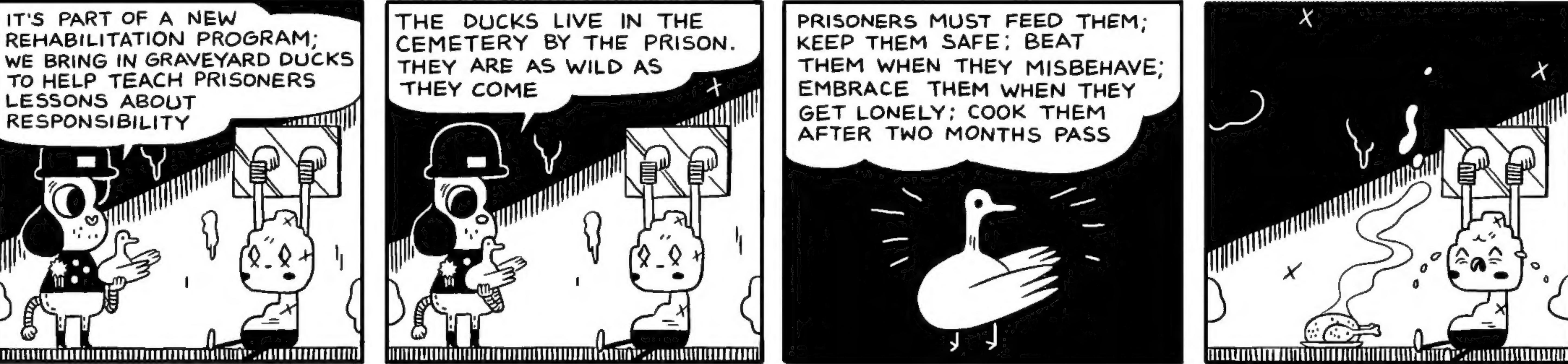
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GRAVEYARD DUCKS by Mickey Zacchilli



"MILITARY PRISON" MICHAEL DEFORGE



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THE SAINT by Kate Schapira

In all the crown nobody saw the Wicked Thorbion Klerk, and he got nearer and nearer to Ronald, until at last he Stabbed him and Killed him because of being an outlaw.

Brendan shot me with one of Jack's darts, Seamus tried to pry it out of my hand, their father said, "No shooting adults at close range." Strange logic armors us, or arms us.

THE SAINT OF PERMISSION

Do rules make outlaws in velcro breastplates? Do they protect or make targets, bring saints within range? Dispatch to boys: a certain hurt, but not too much.

SHORT LIST OF THINGS THAT THAT THING IN THE ROAD AHEAD MIGHT BE:

- a dead wildcat
- a child's backpack semi-full of items
- an adult leg
- a mannequin leg
- wet trash
- it isn't dead

YOU ONLY HAVE 1 SECOND TO REACT! TOO LATE! SCREEEEEEE

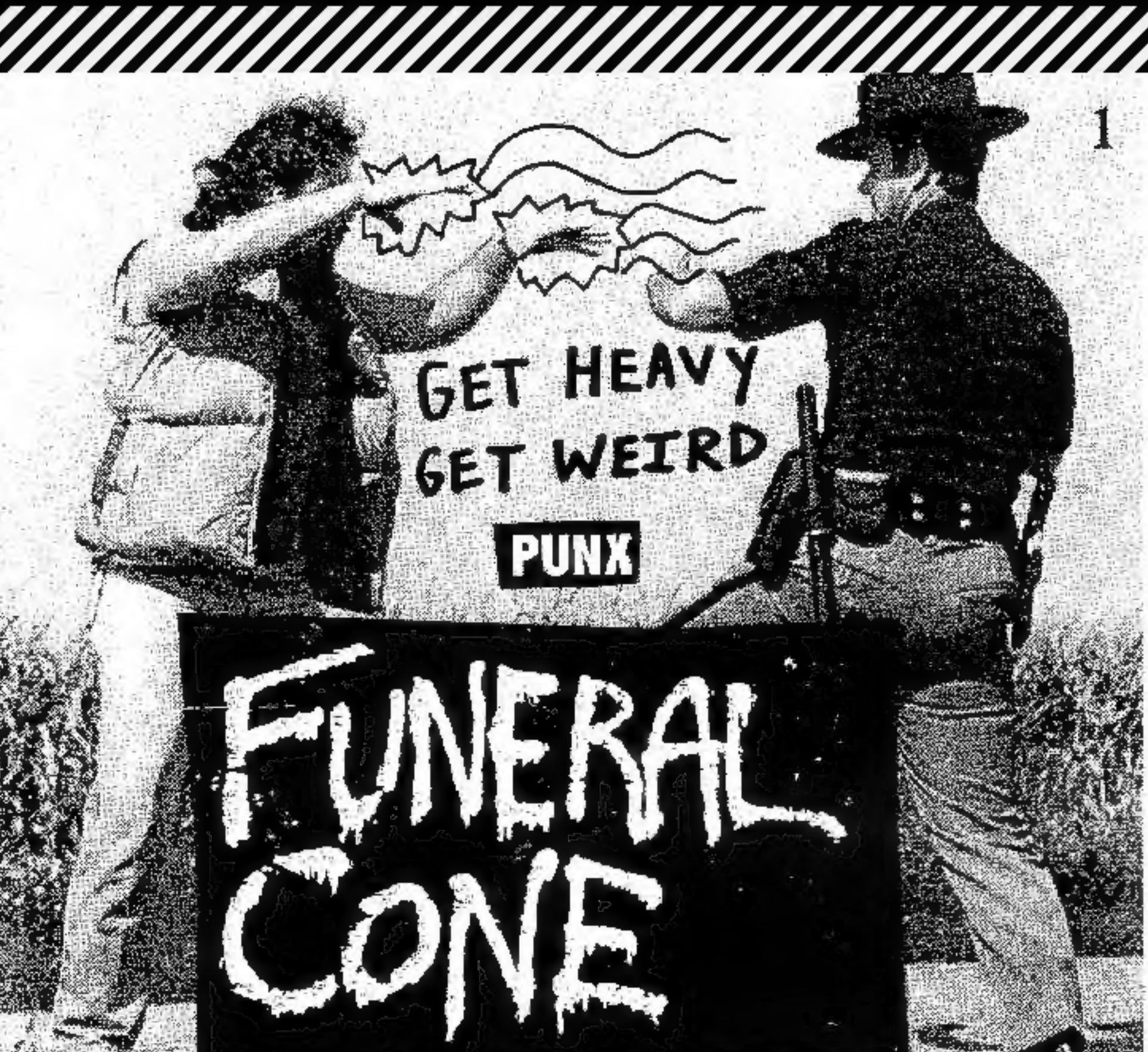


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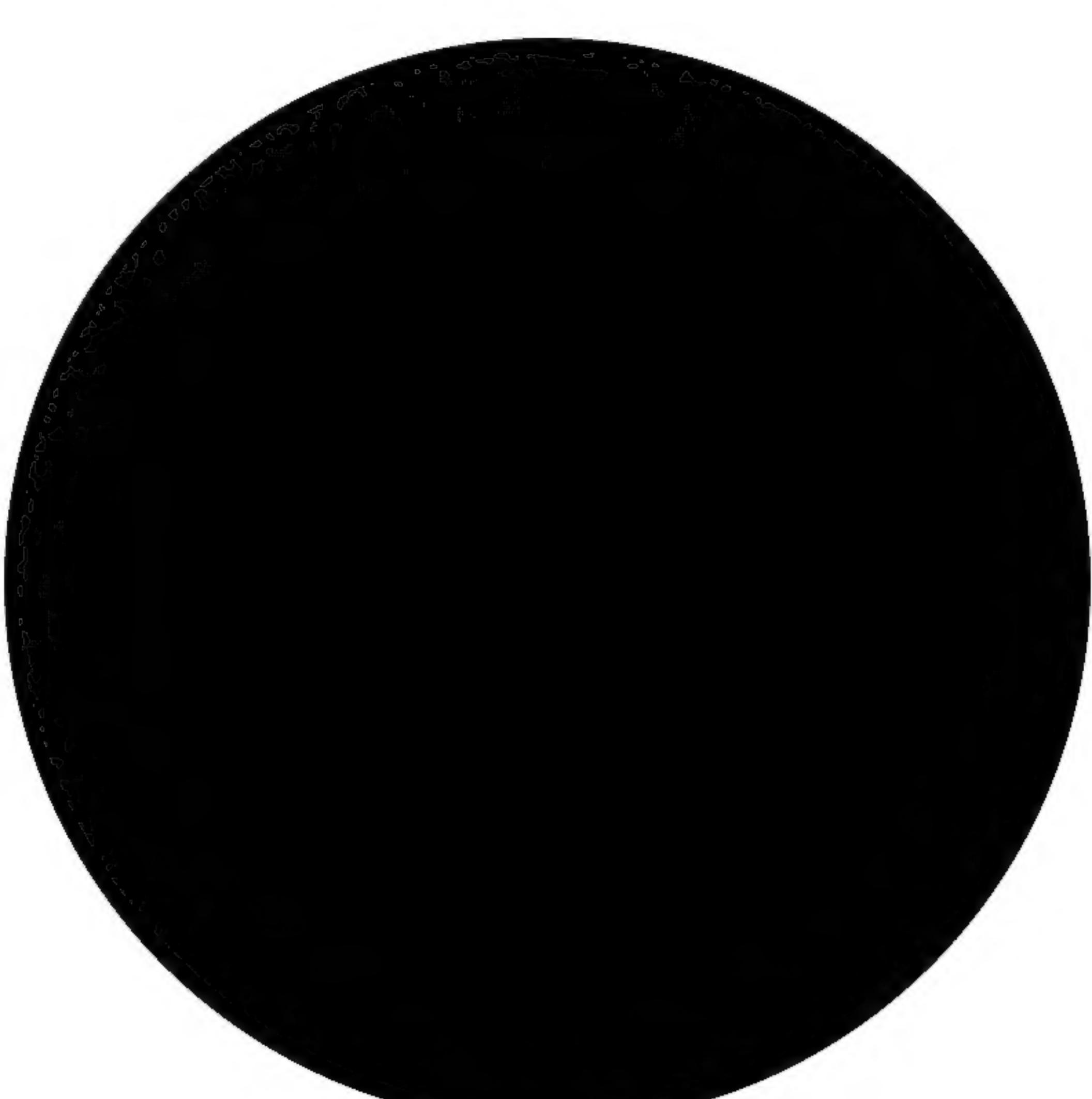


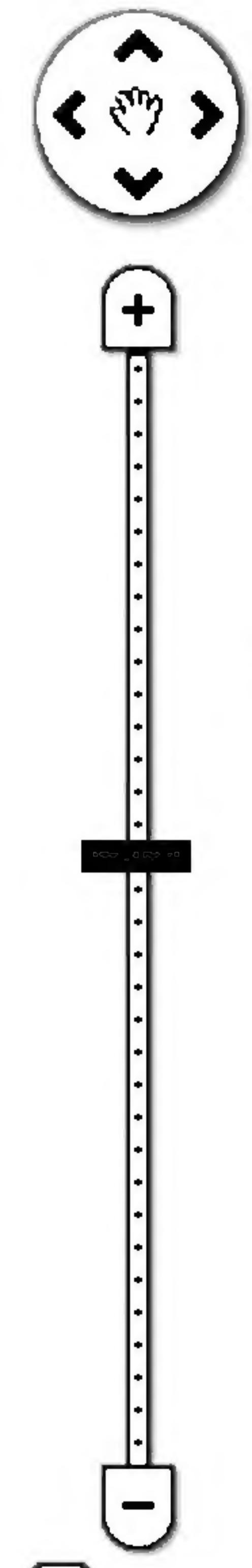
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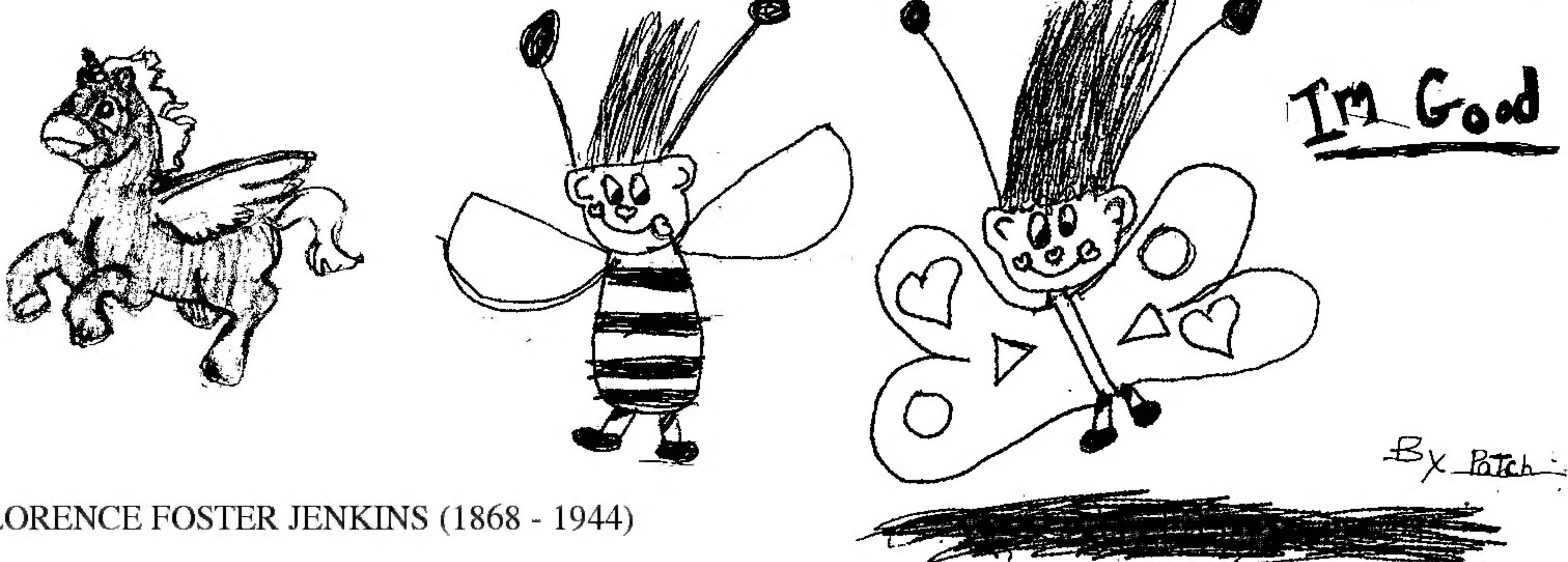


THIS JUST IN





## BIOGRAPHY: FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS



FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS (1868 - 1944)

Florence Foster Jenkins was a society woman of that incredible age of the society woman- long strings of pearls, living in hotels, drinking sherry, and entertaining tuxedoed visitors. For years, she was denied the ability to pursue her passion, music; first by her parents, and then by her husband. Upon the death of the former and the divorce of the latter, La Jenkins was, for the first time, free-- she moved to New York and hit the stage running. Her once-yearly private concerts quickly became the toast of the town, less for her ability, which was practically nil, than for her enthusiasm, which was boundless. By all standards, Ms Jenkins was a bad singer, but by the good grace of a select vocabulary, one that replaced "off key" and "rhythmless" with "innovative" and "emotional", she was easily able to persevere and thrive. Later concerts were marked by multiple costume changes, each more outrageous than the previous; by her stalwart accompanist Cosmic McMoon transposing compositions up and down the scale to match her classic drifting; and most importantly, by the audience applauding wildly to mask the sounds of their own laughter. The concerts were riotous affairs and became extremely popular- it would be cynical to say that all that was happening was a bunch of people laughing at a delusional old woman; reports of the era indicate that it was rather that her joy was unconfined, and traveled freely around the room. Ardent fans included Tallulah Bankhead and Cole Porter. In 1944, at the age of 76, she sang a sold-out performance at Carnegie Hall. She died one month later.

Florence Foster Jenkins was not the first singer-whose-salient-trait-was-mockability, nor by any stretch was she the last. She was, however, the most magnificent, least deterred, most beloved (by fans and critics), and least/most aware. She recorded several 78rpm records, collected posthumously for the LP "The Glory (????) of the Human Voice". I feel that the use of four question marks in the title is instructive, viewed as a dialogue, or as a pendulum swinging into the fourth dimension: 1 "do you really mean 'glory'?", 2 "well, isn't this glorious?", 3 "wait, seriously?", 4 "wait, what are we talking about?". She only ever made one recorded remark alluding to her own faults as a singer, and it is also a great summation of her strength:

"XTVHVEXRVEVXAVRXVEXVXTXHVOXVSXVEVXWXHVXO  
VXVSXVAVYXVTXVHXAVENTXVXIXVCXAVXVNXXVOTVX  
SXIXNXVGXV,XVXVVBXUVTXVXTVHVERXEXAXREXNXXN  
XXEVWVXHXXOCVXVAXNVXVSXAXYXTXHXAVENTVXIXXX  
DXIVDVXNVOXVTXVSIXVNXXVGXV."

(remove every X & V)



NOVEMBER 2010

## MOON NEWS

In addition to influencing the days on which you should cut your hair, the Moon provides reflected light at night, makes surfing possible, and may soon (already?) harbor human life in the form of lunar settlers who will SURELY die either (for some reason) young and gnarled or (for some reason) very old, smooth, and silvery.

There's a particular dignity to a thing that is named its own word. There are other moons (Io, Ganymede, Titan, etc.), but ours is just called "the Moon". Growing up we had a cat that came to us an adult stray, and we always just called him "the Cat". The Cat was a lot like the Moon- predictable, with weird moods, ineffable qualities, dark in color, but comparably reflective against a backdrop of infinite vastness. Both the moon and the cat appeared larger when closer to the horizon, in both cases a purely psychological effect. Both the Cat and the Moon have a texture not unlike snow and a smell not unlike spent gunpowder. At this point the similarities end. The Cat would wake me up by stepping on my face-- the effects of the Moon are more subtle.

-Gravitational coupling between the Moon and the bulge nearest the Moon acts as a torque on the Earth's rotation, draining angular momentum and rotational kinetic energy from the Earth's spin. In turn, angular momentum is added to the Moon's orbit, accelerating it, which lifts the Moon into a higher orbit with a longer period. As a result, the distance between the Earth and Moon is increasing, and the Earth's spin is slowing down. Measurements from lunar ranging experiments with laser reflectors left during the Apollo missions have found that the Moon's distance to the Earth increases by 38 mm per year. Atomic clocks also show that the Earth's day lengthens by about 15 microseconds every year.

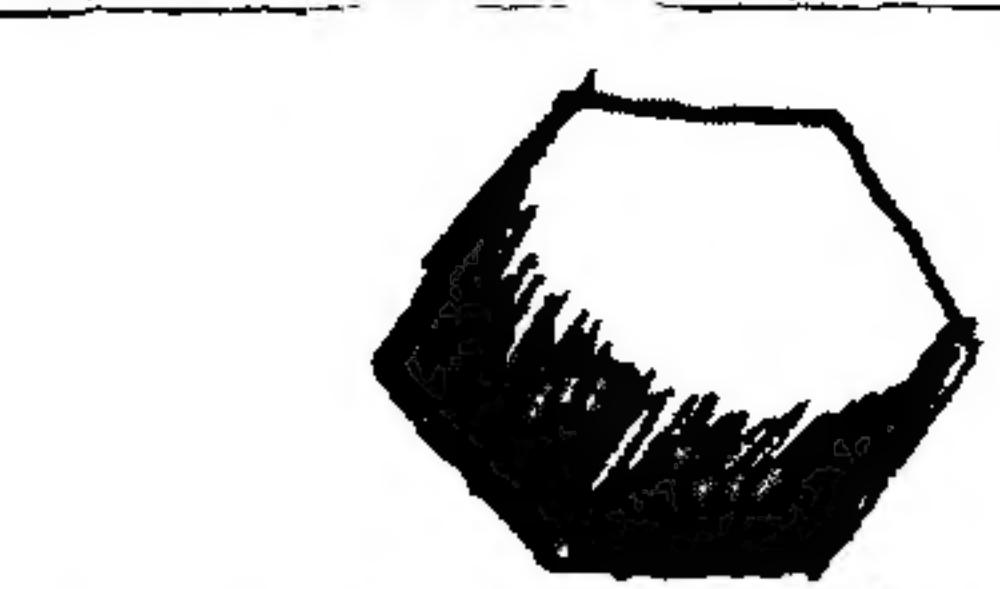
- The prevailing hypothesis today is that the Earth-Moon system formed as a result of a giant impact: a Mars-sized body hit the nearly formed proto-Earth, blasting material into orbit, which accreted to form the Moon. Giant impacts are thought to have been common in the early Solar System.

- A longstanding European tradition holds that the man in the moon was banished for some crime. One medieval Christian tradition claims him as Cain, the Wanderer, forever doomed to circle the Earth. Dante's Inferno alludes to this:

"For now doth Cain with fork of thorns confine  
On either hemisphere, touching the wave  
Beneath the towers of Seville. Yesternight  
The moon was round."

John Llyl says in the prologue to his Endymion (1591), "There liveth none under the sunne, that knows what to make of the man in the moone."

- Previous to current use, "to moon" meant "to wander idly" or "to pine romantically". Now of course it means what it means, an act that is alternately mocking, fun-loving, and both. In many traditions this gesture also has an apotropaic (good luck) element, as a mockery towards a supernatural enemy. In the United States, mooning someone or something is a form of artistic expression protected by the United States constitutional right of freedom of speech.



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& releasing new work by  
Priscilla Carrion & Lois Harada,  
benefit NUA for youth arts  
mentoring... KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN

## SHOUTOUTS

Flavones: heal heal heal!  
XO Sunshine Burger

reinard to cozz: thanks  
for the scorpio shoutout  
-- right back atcha and  
much love to you from  
bmore md!

TO GET YOUR SHOUTOUT IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE GO TO MOTHERSNEWS.NET \$3  
100 CHARACTERS POSITIVITY ONLY

PSSST! Mothers Good Word this month is CLAYMORE. If you need a semi-public password with a 1 month expiration, please use Mothers Good Word

IMAGE ATTRIBUTION  
ad designs by Jackie H Curtiss OR the people that took the ad out OR the following: Michelle Chrzanowski drew ads for Night Work, Craftland, and Pretty Snake; Cathy G Johnson drew RISD Expose and Cardboard Pancakes; Katrina drew AS220; Olivia drew Symposium and Olympia records; Sakiko Mori drew Fertile Underground; Jo Dery drew the Machines With Magnets one. CF drew miscellaneous spot illustrations, except for the crappy ones, which are by Jackie H Curtiss. James McShane drew Ambrose Bierce in his eponymous jumble. Oh, and Patrick Costello drew the cool trolls accompanying the Florence Foster Jenkins bio.  
GOD BLESS!

## BREAKING NEWS

A SMALL TOWN SHOE REPAIRER left the gas turned on in his shop one night and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street. A FELLOW VILLAGER rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him rise, inquired if he was injured. The old fellow gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said, "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out just in time, by crackey."

MAY 2010

